



# register

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—Alan Kuritsky



## CONTENTS

### *Stories and Articles*

DRY RUN	William McQueeney '68	3
ARTICLES OF FAITH	John A. Zizis '69	8
IN PHILADELPHIA IT WILL BE THANKSGIVING	Alex Robinson '69	14

### *Poerse*

THE ETERNAL DESTINATION	Kenneth D. Zunder '69	7
REALIZATION	Kenneth D. Zunder '69	7
THE DEATH OF THE DEAD	Dennis Bechis '69	13
A QUESTIONING MIND	A. J. Tutlys '68	16
HAIKU #1	Alex Robinson '69	21
HAIKU #2	Alex Robinson '69	21
LIFE IN ONE SENTENCE	A. J. Tutlys '68	21
HAIKU #3	Alex Robinson '69	23
HAIKU #4	Alex Robinson '69	23
THE COURSE OF NATURE	A. J. Tutlys '68	26
WHY?	Douglas Sanborn '68	26
THE LAST DRAG	Stephen Cleary '68	36

### *Features*

EDITORIALS	17
LORDS AND MASTERS	22
ALUMNI SECTION	24
SOMETHING OF INTEREST	27
SPORTS	30
YE R. R. R.	37

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# DRY RUN

William McQueeney '68

(10 A.M., — 6/3/42)

THE MEDICS STRAPPED the three men into the net hammocks that hung from the walls of the bank-vault size chamber, and made a final check of the fastenings on the men's asbestos fire armor. The fourth hammock in the room was swinging under the weight of about a dozen metal cannisters and three rucksacks made from the same material that armored the men in the other hammocks.

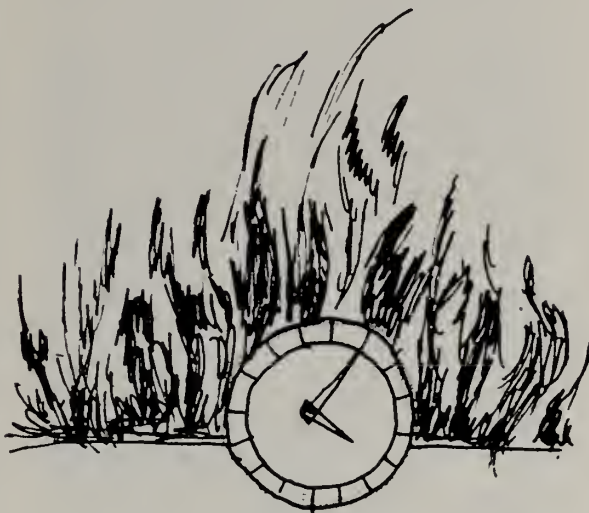
When the Medics left, the technicians began the intricate ritual which sealed the transmission chamber and alerted the men in the control room to the chamber's status. The intercom in the passageway outside the chamber beeped, and a voice from the controlroom ordered the evacuation of all passageways in the transmission complex.

In the control room a man sat at least twenty feet from the computer consoles which to all intents and purposes were three of the four walls of control room B-7. The man squirmed uncomfortably in the straight-backed chair provided for the non-essential personnel who wished to watch an actual transmission. From behind the double yellow lines, which marked off the six by five rectangle in which he sat, the man, Major Rosner, ignored the flashing lights and the clucking technicians and concentrated on the Project Head. The Head stood almost exactly in the center of the control room. In front of him was a panel of meters, buttons, and knobs—all supported by a single, slim leg of aluminum.

The panel reminded the Major of a music stand, or maybe someone's idea of a Danish Modern speaker's rostrum; this slender panel directed the unimaginable forces which would propel man through time.

1:15 A.M., — 5/1/'65

Cooper heard the metal cannisters hit the floor somewhere off to his left and then an instant later he too was on the wooden floor. Except for the flames, the room was completely dark. In front of him he saw Crosby roll out of the fires where he had landed and begin hauling the cannisters and rucksacks away from the flaming sections of the weakened



floor. Turning, Cooper saw Thorndike struggling to disentangle himself from the remains of his hammock. In his helmet phone the Captain heard Crosby announce the safe transit of the group's supplies. Shrugging out of his own hammock, the Captain made his way to Thorndike and cut him free from the nylon net.

Thorndike's thanks were almost drowned out by the helmet phone's static, but he managed to report that his short-wave monitor had picked up the time and the date. While his men secured their supplies, Cooper quietly let himself into the deserted hallway. The number of the door was 615. According to the briefing the Hotel King would be a smoking ruin by 7 A.M. this morning. Somewhere on the fourth floor a mother was throwing her five children to firemen on the street below. When the last of her children had been caught, she would leap to her death. After her leap firemen would be forced to vacate the first two floors of the Hotel King. Somewhere on the fifth floor a man named James Hoffman was trapped by the flames; his body would never be recovered.

Captain Cooper returned to room 615 where he and his men would wait as ordered until 1:27 A.M. The three men sat and waited insulated by their special suits from the heat and the noise and the

smoke, wiping the condensed steam from the relatively cool surface of their helmet visors, trying not to think about the young mother on the fourth floor.

10:30 A.M., — 6/3/'42

Major Rosner watched as the lights began to turn off all over the control room, then finally turned and left through the special door provided for the visitors to the yellow gallery. The door opened into a lounge-type waiting room which was at the moment occupied by a bored looking bartender and a slim attractive brunette. The girl was the psychiatrist he had ordered, a Miss Dorothy Connors, and far from looking bored she was down-right angry.

"Major Rosner!"

"Call me Chuck, Doctor. Hope you haven't been waiting long. Perhaps we could have a drink, or some breakfast . . . ." The theory behind this sort of attack was to assume the conversational advantage, set the subject at ease, and offer several courses of action to the subject thereby diverting the subject from his, or her original intention. In this case chewing out one Major Chuck Rosner.

"It won't work, Major. I want an explanation, now."

"Of course you do, Doctor. I intend to see that you get a full explanation immediately. Are you sure you wouldn't like that breakfast now, Doctor. A little bacon and eggs, or anything?" He'd mentioned food so often that the bored looking bartender had snapped to attention.

"I've already had a perfectly lovely breakfast, Major," she said sweetly. "Of course that was at five thirty this morning when I got up. Since then I've thought of it frequently, especially during the three hours that I've been sitting here while you were on the other side of that door doing whatever it was you were doing."

"Yes, well, I'm sorry about that Doctor, but once the control complex is in operation the door stays locked until after the transit. As for leaving you alone out here, I realize that was unforgivable. I assure you that on a less hectic day you would have been fighting hopeful escorts off with a stick." Oh God, she'll never swallow that one.

"The explanation, Major!"

The foot was tapping but even a har-

ried Major could see that it was attached to a lovely leg. "I wish you'd call me Chuck, Doctor. As for your explanation, I think it would be best if we talked in my office." Maybe that'll impress her. What the devil can you do with an angry psychiatrist?

1:27 A.M., 5/1/'65

Crosby said, "It's time."

"Crosby, take the asbestos bag. Thorndike and I will bring the tools. We'll leave the rest of the stuff here and if we find him we'll bring him back up and wait for snap-back."

By now the mother was dead. According to the briefing two of her children would die before the end of the week; three firemen would be hospitalized for smoke inhalation; two more tenants would burn to death on the second floor and the room clerk would suffer third degree burns over forty per cent of his body. The briefing officer had tried to give them some idea of just how dangerous an operation in that sort of an inferno would be. Cooper fixed ropes to the sixth floor hall ceiling, letting them trail down to the fifth floor in case the staircase should collapse before their return.

The three men had studied photographs of the man who was somewhere on the fifth floor. His name was Homer Lattimore. Their task was to find him in the scant minutes between the time that the last firemen left the building and Homer Lattimore died of smoke inhalation or burns.

Lattimore was in the fifth room that Thorndike tried. He had been cut off from the doors and windows by flames but had managed to wet down a blanket in the room's small sink and was lying on the floor covered by the blanket. Thorndike called the others.

Lattimore had long since passed out, and Cooper made positive identification of him from documents in the man's pockets. The three of them managed to wrap the singed-looking little man in the special asbestos bag that had been brought for just this purpose.

The bag was basically an asbestos sleeping bag with a self-contained oxygen supply and served a two-fold purpose for the rescue team. It would not only protect Lattimore from the fire as effectively as the time team's suits protected them; it would also, hopefully, be

the means by which Mr. Homer Lattimore would enter the twenty-first century. The Research and Development officer believed that when the asbestos bag resumed its normal molecular velocity, it would also cause an acceleration of Mr. Lattimore's molecular velocity. This at least was what was hoped.

The flames were growing, the heat was growing, the temperature inside the men's suits had risen three degrees. Lattimore's flesh had been burned where it had come in contact with the now red hot gloves of the time team. Crosby stepped up the polarization of his helmet visor to shut out the now intense glare of the flames, and he and his partners dragged the unfortunate Mr. Lattimore back to room 615, where they waited for the snap-back.

10:40 A.M., 6/3/'42

Doctor Connors had finally accepted a cup of coffee and had calmed down considerably. Major Rosner, sensing he was forgiven, sipped his coffee as he read over the Project file. "You see, Dorothy, we're working on time travel here.

"The basic theory behind this project is that what we experience as time is really the gradual acceleration of molecular velocity: that means we speed up a little on a sub-atomic level.

"Sort of like momentum, in other words."

"That's right. What we do here is apply a great deal of force and slow down the molecular velocity. We're not exactly sure why but when your velocity slows down you in effect travel in time."

"How do you get back though?"

"That's what the technicians call snap-back. You see we can slow them down, but we can't slow them down permanently. For some reason the molecules always resume their original velocity.

"In one way this is an advantage; it means that we don't need facilities on the other end, so to speak, to return. But it also means that we can never really stay in the past for more than an hour or two. At least that was what we thought up to a couple of months ago. Would you like some more coffee?"

"No thanks. What happened a couple of months ago?"

"About three months ago the government came into possession of the notes of a Regis Howe. It appears that he was

experimenting with time travel somewhat along the same lines we've been following here. The odd thing is that apparently he traveled somewhere in the year 1998 and hasn't snapped-back yet. To make matters more complicated we have evidence that someone named Regis Howe and answering to his description was imprisoned at Belsen in the year 1943. However there's no record of whether he was executed, liberated, or escaped."

"So . . ."

"So apparently Regis Howe, either because he's a physically unique specimen, or because he developed a different method of time transit, has managed to remain in the past a good deal longer than we've ever been able to, if indeed he's managed to return at all."

"Maybe he's dead."

"Well, if he died in the past his body should have snapped-back and our theoreticians tell us that by all rights it ought to be impossible to die before you're born, which means that he should have stayed alive until at least November 18, 1939 the day he was born. If he didn't die and managed to stay alive in the past for at least eight years, that means he might have discovered some form of practical immortality. If he did die, we want to find out how."

"Can't you just examine his machine to see how it's different from yours?"

"Normally, yes, but his devices were broken up and sold for scrap about thirty years ago. Since we don't know the layout of his laboratory, we can't send anyone back to examine his machinery for fear they might materialize inside a sofa or something."

"Ugh!"

"Precisely. Then there's the question as to whether we could stop him if we wanted to.

"Aside from the danger of materializing inside some solid object, there's the question as to whether or not we can change something that we know to be an established fact of history. Free will, that sort of thing."

"Tell me something, Chuck, Would the government stop him even if it could?"

"What do you mean?" When you considered how pretty she was, she was awfully smart.

"It seems to me that you have somebody conducting the experiment for you



that you would never have dared to conduct yourselves."

"Whether we'd want to stop him or not, the fact remains that we can't, and you're going to have to take my word for that."

"I believe you."

1:35 A.M., 5/1/'65

On the sixth floor Cooper had had to move to another room. The floor of room 615 had collapsed just moments after they had reached the hall. The building was deserted now except for the two bodies that should be on the second floor. The three men lay on the floor of 652 holding tightly to the bag that contained Homer Lattimore. The men were no longer using their helmet phones to communicate for fear that their conversation might be picked up on the Police and Fire Department radios on the street below. Great streams of water gushed from the Fire Department's hoses into the windows on the lower floors serving only to hasten the collapse of the walls of the Hotel King.

Inside the asbestos bag Homer Lattimore awoke from dreams of death by fire to find himself trapped in some sort of dark heavy cocoon. Homer Lattimore screamed and struggled. In room 652 the three men in the asbestos suits attempted to restrain the thrashing form that was Homer Lattimore. Since there was no radio in the bag, there was no way to reassure Lattimore except to open the bag, exposing him to the murderous heat and the noxious fumes. In the end Captain Cooper reached for the star shaped valve at the foot of the bag, shut off the oxygen supply, counted to thirty-five. Lattimore ceased to struggle and the oxygen was turned on once again. A piece of the wall on the side of the Hotel facing the street fell away. The men lay prone on the floor to avoid a chance observation. Approximately eight minutes remained until snap back.

10:48 A.M., 6/3/'42

"What we're doing today is a dry run. We're sending back a team who will attempt to rescue a man who was previously believed killed in a Hotel fire."

"Won't that mean you're changing history?"

"We can't be sure. You see Lattimore, that's the man's name, was never found. So for all we know we did, or rather we are rescuing Homer Lattimore from the King Hotel fire.

"The unfortunate thing is that the snap-back effect works only when molecular speed has been decelerated, which means we couldn't return him to his own era permanently even if we could count on him to keep his mouth shut. Your job will be to help this man adjust as much as possible to the twenty-first century."

"What does this have to do with your Mr. Howe?"

"Well, first we have to find out if this sort of rescue method is practical . . ."

"And if it is you'll go back and pick him up at that concentration camp!"

"Not exactly. You see it's painfully obvious that time travel might have some rather bizarre side effects on Mr. Howe. If possible we'd like to study him while he's living in the past. Of course such long-range study is rather difficult for personnel who have to snap back and forth in time every two hours."

"So what's your solution?"

"Well, it involves having local personnel, preferably those who already work at the camp, take Mr. Howe aside and study him per our instructions."

"How do you plan to do that?"

"Well, there is a man who could supply us with enough data to persuade the camp commandant to follow our instructions vis a vis Mr. Howe.

"It appears that his person 'died' under conditions roughly similar to those from which (I hope) we are rescuing Mr. Lattimore."

"I take it you'll need psychiatric aid with this case also."

"I don't doubt it," he said replacing the coffee pot and cups. "The man's name is Adolph Hitler."

10:49 A.M. 6/3/42

The bell went off in the control room signaling the return of the time team, and the voice on the P.A. system ordered the medics and the technicians to the transmission chamber.



## The Eternal Destination

*The sun shone brightly through the gently quivering leaves  
and the inviting air possessed the scent of adventure.  
The dew was unbroken on the lawn when he made his departure  
for the place he had envisioned with so much desire.  
It was a place he had never seen,  
but a few of his friends had come within its reach  
and spoke of its lure as hope beckons the bereft —  
but if given another chance would think before so venturing again.*

\* \* \*

*In the course of time  
Only three men have dwelt there  
For a reasonable duration:  
A wise man, a pauper, and a dying old man.*

\* \* \*

*The bumpy road had made him weary, he often thought of going back,  
but he neared his destination, the purple skies having just turned black.  
He didn't have far to go — the longed-for place was just to the right,  
but in his haste to be free, he was bound eternally to the  
deep, dark night.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*The Utopian place which you all dream about  
can only be reached if the paved roads are followed,  
The journey will be long and the price can be steep,  
and though you may own it,  
it's not yours to keep.*

— Kenneth D. Zunder '69

## Realization

*It was in the dead of the night when he entered the dismal house  
in search of the treasure he had hidden there.  
He felt his way in total darkness  
looking for the room that harbored his hope for happiness.  
He finally found the room and the treasure it held,  
but driven by the enormity of the outcome  
he chanced turning on the light.  
In the brilliance of the light the box disappeared,  
and alone he stood in the glow of the revealing light  
which sent him back into his imagined world.*

Kenneth D. Zunder '69

# ARTICLES OF FAITH

John Zizis '69

THE MASON PARTY, held monthly, was a small, relaxing, low-key affair. I knew most of the regulars; instructors from the various schools around the city, professional people, a few businessmen.

Every so often, however, someone new would be invited, and they were always interesting to meet. That night, there was a newcomer in the room. Marion Mason took me over to be introduced, and as I waded through the crowd in the small room, I was stopped by a few people congratulating me on the success of my new book. I paid not a great deal of attention to these people, since most of them were the type who either had not yet read the book, or did not ever intend to read it.



When I reached the far side of the room, Marion was introducing me to a dark, chunky little man in an old-fashioned suit. He bowed slightly, and shook my hand. It was strange, almost ludicrous, to see this stubby little man

bow. He smiled, his brilliant, even white teeth flashing out at me.

"I am Mohammed Pahlevi Khabir," he said politely, in a precise accentless English, and bowed again.

"And this is Dr. Francis Wert, from Brown University," said Marion. "You must know Dr. Wert's work," she continued. "He's just had published a new book, **Politics and Religion in the Middle East.**"

"Yes, I know Dr. Wert's work well, Mrs. Mason," Khabir murmured, "and have found it excellent. You see," he said, turning to me, "I am an Irani, and so few Westerners understand the relationship between religion and politics in my section of the world. You seem to understand it quite well."

It was my turn to bow. "I count that as a great compliment."

Khabir suggested that we head for the bar which had been set up in the larger room. Since the first arrivals were still milling around in the smaller room, and the bar was unoccupied, I agreed.

We had seated ourselves before I realized that Khabir could not be a Moslem, since he was fully prepared to order a drink. He seemed to read my thoughts, and turned to me with humor in his eyes. "No, I'm not a Moslem," he chuckled, "nor a member of any other organized religious group."

"An atheist?" I asked, rather fatuously.

Khabir frowned, and replied, "No, not an atheist. I believe in the God of my own religion; which is extinct. Therefore, I belong to no organized religious group."

I changed the subject. "What are you doing in Boston?"

He relaxed on the stool, his square solidity even more apparent in a sitting position. "I'm a chemical engineer," he said, "and I'm in Boston to set up a bottling plant for a soft-drink company. That will soon be finished, and then," he sighed, "back to Iran."

I took a sip of my martini. "You don't sound too pleased about returning home."

He looked up from the bar. "Iran is but the latest of my homes. I have resided in many countries in my life. And I have political enemies in Iran."

I shifted on the barstool. "Political enemies? You must be a politically active chemical engineer, then."

"No. On the contrary, I'm now apa-

thetic about politics. However, in the country where I began my life, I'm considered the greatest criminal of all time. Bar none. Worse still, my trouble is religious as well as political."

"Come, now! The greatest criminal of all time? Sitting next to me? I don't believe it!" I said in mock horror.

He smiled, and replied, "Well, if you would believe the government of my former homeland, that's what you would believe."

"There must be a story behind all this."

He looked at me out of the corner of his eye, cautiously. "Well, if you're sure you wouldn't be bored . . ."

"I wouldn't be bored, believe me. Remember, I'm a Mideastern historian, and all this is grist for my mill. Besides, the party won't become interesting for another hour, when everyone will show up, finally."

He chuckled, and leaned forward on the bar. "You are looking," he said, "at what amounts to a 'king for a day.' I was a member of the royal family, and was directly in line for the throne . . ."

"This was in Iran?"

"No, in a larger, more prosperous country. Not in the Mideast. I won't tell you what country it is, since if I did you'd know the story, I'm sure. Especially since you're a Mideast scholar."

I was puzzled by his last statement but let him go on.

"As I was saying, I was directly in line for the throne, and my father, the king, was dying. Just as it seemed that I would succeed my father, our prime minister, who was visiting a Middle Eastern country, was assassinated. The prime minister had been an extremely popular man, and his murder angered my people. The anger was not entirely spontaneous. There was a small Fascist group, which stood to gain much from a war with the smaller country. Soon, the people were calling for war."

I interrupted, "In other words, the Fascists were attempting to start a war so that, in the turmoil, they could take over?"

He hesitated slightly. "I'm sorry, but I've misled you slightly. They didn't actually want the war; what they wanted was to apply pressure against my government. They knew that we would not go to war without proof of malice on the part of the Arabs; they also realized that

sooner or later the people would revolt if they could be stirred up enough."

"If you were the monarch, couldn't you have the Fascists suppressed? It would have stopped the revolution."

He looked at me morosely. He was working on his third martini, and it seemed as if he could not hold his liquor too well. "We found," he said, turning back to his drink, "that the assassins of our prime minister were members of this same Fascist group. Just at that moment, my father died, and I became sole ruler of the country. The people turned the full weight of their attack to me, calling me 'coward' and 'traitor' for not instantly declaring war. Then, in my foolishness, I had Seta arrested and put in prison . . ."

"Seta? The leader of the Fascists?"

He wobbled slightly on his stool, and nodded silently.

I was about to suggest that perhaps he was drinking a little too heavily when Marion Mason took me away and introduced me to a dull banking couple, who kept me in their dry clutches for nearly half an hour.

While I was away from Khabir, I found myself thinking about what he had said. Although at the moment he was having a bit of trouble with his liquor, he seemed to be a respectable, honest man. I was not sure, however, about his story of having been a monarch at one time. He seemed, first of all, to be too young. I imagined him to be no more than forty-five at the most, and the story, thus far, did not sound familiar at all.

My head began to clear in conversation, and I excused myself, hurrying back to the bar and Khabir. As I did, I remembered that he had said something about religion, and as yet, he had not elaborated.

He had said that when I heard the full story, I would be able to guess the identity of his nation. "Especially as a Mideast scholar," he had said. That puzzled me. If his nation were not in the Mideast, what bearing would a knowledge of the Middle East have on guessing its name?

When I reached the bar, Khabir was gone. I leaned over the now crowded rail and asked the bartender where the dark little man had gone. He pointed to the terrace, and I went through the French doors onto the large, flowery veranda.



I found him with his elbows on the railing, looking out at the road through the trees. He turned at my approach, and his white teeth shone once again. His teeth bothered me somehow. Clean, white teeth I was accustomed to, but his seemed to be brilliantly flashing testimonials to the effectiveness of someone's brand of toothpaste.

"I came out here to clear my head," he said. "I was having a little trouble with your American cocktails."

I joined him at the railing and replied, "Yes, I know how it is. Those things can sneak up on you."

Clearing his throat, Khabir asked, "Where was I when we both decided to sober up?"

I chuckled. "You were having the Fascist leader, whose name I forget, arrested."

"Seta." His voice was cold, and he seemed more grave than he had been all night. "Seta was his name, though he calls himself something else now." He began to slip back easily into the narrative. "When I had Seta arrested, public outrage grew so strong that a revolt broke out. When I tried to put it down, the army split into fragments; some wanted to crush the rebellion mercilessly; others joined Seta."

"The loyal generals sound like reactionaries to me. I imagine that if they were, that fact would make the people even more unfriendly."

He nodded slowly. "Yes, the rebellion was strengthened by the fact that some of my generals wanted to use police-state tactics. The laugh, if I may use that word, is on the people, however. Seta, when he came to power, set up his own police state, the like of which the world has never seen."

I couldn't resist a temptation to scoff at this statement. "Never? What about Nazi Germany? Stalin's Russia?"

He almost laughed. "No, those were mere weak-kneed dictatorships compared to the Kingdom of Seta. Seta, for one thing, had many powers that the two other dictators lacked. He was a brilliant, unrivalled propagandist, and he made himself a demi-god to his people."

He was making some sweeping statements, I felt, but I let them pass. I remembered that at the last party the topic of conversation around me had been

Egyptian belly dancing, and I had no desire to return to that.

"There was a brief, very bloody civil war," he went on. "Here is where religion enters the scene. In order to stimulate enthusiasm among his troops, Seta began to set up a pseudo-religion, complete with priests, churches, and rituals. It was much more flamboyant and exciting than our native religion, and captivated almost the entire lower and middle class. It was an effective means of spreading propaganda."

"What were you doing at this time? Did you escape, or did you stay and fight?"

He looked at me with something akin to bitterness in his eyes. "Stay behind and fight? With what? Half an army that was falling to pieces around me? People who were so influenced by Seta's propaganda that they begin to think of me as a criminal?"

I apologized, and told him that I meant no reflection on his courage. He seemed mollified by this, and was about to speak again when Mrs. Mason came out onto the terrace, and in a tone of mock anger, scolded me for keeping Khabir all to myself. The two of them moved back into the house so that she could introduce him to someone. I stood there at the railing, thinking, until he came back onto the terrace, a drink in his hand. He walked over to me slowly, with a contemplative look on his face.

"You know," he said, "I think that this would be a good time to tell you why, after I fled from the civil war, I stopped, for all intents and purposes, my political activities." He stopped for a moment, and seemed to shiver in the warm summer night. "I heard a businessman in there use the word 'crucify.' He used it to mean 'persecute.' When I fled my country, I went to the Middle East and set up a government-in-exile. A few of the reactionary generals followed me. We found supporters of Seta waiting for us, led by his chief lieutenant. They agitated for our expulsion from the country and pressured the government to declare us **persona non grata**. The generals took an action which I did not, and never would have sanctioned. They made a raid on the headquarters of Seta's followers, capturing Seta's friend and two of his lieutenants. Then, after a mock trial, they



took them out and . . ." His voice wavered slightly, "and . . . crucified them."

I was slightly disturbed, but not shocked by this statement. Crucifixion has been an accepted form of punishment in the Arab world for two thousand years, but search through my mind as hard as I might, I could not think of any recent examples of this barbaric form of execution. I was beginning to doubt Khabir's story, simply because it seemed to me that the facts which had to do with the Middle East just did not seem to be accurate.

He pulled himself away from the rail and walked back into the room, to the bar. His glass refilled, he walked back out.

I spoke first. "I imagine that did not exactly endear you to Seta."

He shook his head solemnly. "No, indeed it didn't. I was thrown out of that country, only the first of many I was to depart from involuntarily. I was tarred with the same brush as were my generals. Then, the propaganda campaign started in earnest."

I walked idly across the terrace. I was losing interest in the story. It was beginning to sound like the tale of a paranoiacal fantasist, who imagines demons around every corner.

"They discredited you?"

"To put it mildly, yes. Before this, his religion lacked two things; a thing to be hated, and a martyr. The martyr was provided by Seta's crucified friend. The thing to be hated was me."

I looked through the French doors into the main room, where the party was warming up. I had an urgent feeling that I should be in there, instead of out on the terrace listening to a tale of woe.

"Seta's religion spread, in various forms, until it reached many countries in the world. It was monotheistic, with Seta as the god-king, easily understood, and it appealed to the masses. Moreover, now I was the ultimate evil; the thing to be hated above all else. Soon, I had to resort to disguises and aliases just to remain alive. At the moment, they don't know where I am. But, if they did, you can rest assured that they would spare no effort to destroy me."

He was beginning to suffer the effects of liquor again. Two drinks seemed to be his limit. He was swaying slightly

against the railing. I suggested that we go inside and sit down, and he followed me willingly enough. I steered him to a couch along one of the walls.

I could have left Khabir then, and he probably never would have missed me, but since he was a stranger to most of the people at the party, I felt responsible for him.

He started talking again. "If I were discovered, I would suffer a worse fate than many of my followers. In some countries, they rooted out those members of my party still alive and tried them for the most ridiculous things: witchcraft sorcery, things like that. Then they hanged them." He laughed, for some reason.

"Then," he continued, "there were people like you. People who listened to my story, believed me, and then, under the crush of Seta's propaganda, didn't know which way to turn. There was a young girl in France, who thought she was helping me, but they got to her . . ." His voice trailed off, and he seemed to be falling asleep.

I found myself dancing with a tall, blonde woman somehow, and she was the type of dancer who likes to throw men around the floor like sacks of potatoes, which, with the heat, the noise, and the liquor, was what I felt like by that time.

I finally begged off from another round, and collapsed on the couch next to Khabir. He looked over at me and smiled. The white, white teeth were all I could see. "Now you understand," he chuckled, "why I don't dance."

I leaned over to him and asked him if his story was over. Puzzled, he answered, "Basically, yes. There isn't much more to add. I'm just scrambling around, trying to keep alive."

"Then, since your story is over, it is time for you to tell me where this all happened, isn't it?"

He looked at me steadily for a moment. "You said you were a Mideast expert," he murmured.

I was exasperated. I had spent the entire night talking to a supposed Iranian, who told me a story of monarchs and revolution and religion, and by this time was in no mood for guessing games. "But you said your country wasn't in the Middle East!" I cried plaintively.

He put his finger to his lips, angering

me even more. Khabir rose and straightened his cuffs. He walked, somewhat unsteadily, to the closet, where he lifted out his coat. He brought it over to the couch, and dug in his inside pocket for a moment. He pulled out a small plaque. It was of some sort of bronze-like metal, with an upraised design. There were three interconnected rings with a Greek cross in the middle. I looked at it for a minute, a memory coming to life in the back of my mind. Khabir held it out to me, and I took it. He said, "Perhaps that will help you. It is my personal seal. If you are a Middle Eastern expert, you will know who I am."

Before I could rise to accompany him, he had walked to the door, taken his leave of the Masons, and left.

With a memory burrowing through my mind, I left and went home. Although it was midnight, I made some coffee and went into the library, the seal in my hand. I looked at it again. Three rings, a Greek cross in the middle. I noticed that the three rings were of different metals. One of them looked to be gold.

I sat down before my reference books about and from the Middle East, and pored through them, looking for some mention of the seal. I looked under "Greek cross," "cross," "precious metals," and "seal."

Finally, under "seal" in an eighteenth century Persian cyclopedia, I found "Seal of Ahriman." The entry described the plaque held in my hand as consisting of "three spheres, headed with the cross of Ahriman." Then, further down the entry, I was referred to a fourteenth century compendium, which was the oldest book in my collection.

Very carefully, I turned the yellow, crumbling pages until I reached the entry on Ahriman. It told me what I already knew about him; that he was the evil spirit of the Zoroastrian religion, and in

general, the deity responsible for all moral and physical evil in the world.

Then I reached a section, which, when translated, read;

'Under the laws of the most holy Prophet and Lord of Life . . . the seal of Ahriman is the carrier of all evil, Ahriman possessing it . . . his six arch-devils are among men, and kill the Prophet Jesus; by the law of the son of Allah, the God of Evil and his six arch-devils must be destroyed, and all men afflicted by the evil of Ahriman with them; chief among these Ahriman himself, he of the fire-teeth . . . .'

I sat back in my chair, my back cramped by the hours of intense work. "Fire-teeth?" I remembered my friend and his shiny, even white teeth. If this was indeed the seal of Ahriman, the Zoroastrian equivalent of Satan, then the man who had possessed it must have been . . . .

I compared notes again and again in those small hours of the morning, but always the result was the same; the plaque was the seal of Ahriman, and Ahriman was the hated god of evil of Zoroastrianism, the Zoroastrian equivalent of Satan.

I remembered the little man, and his tale of a revolution led by a man named Seta; of the false religion which spread across the world, creating an Ahriman, a Satan, a Beelzebub, a Devil, as it went; of the crucifixion of Seta's friend, and of two others. (On a hill outside of Jerusalem?) Of the witch hangings, and the young girl in France . . . of Joan of Arc?

I stretched, and opened the curtains. Morning flooded the room, and I squinted into the sun. I trusted the little man who so humanly couldn't quite hold his liquor. Beside the window, my Bible lay flat on the shelf. I placed the seal very carefully on the leather cover, turned, and walked from the room, shutting the door behind me.



## The Death of the Dead

*"Who are you? I don't remember you . . .  
No, you couldn't be he! Who are you?"  
Demanded the Mirror.  
And then It shattered.*

*Now would it be better  
Now would it  
Now would it be  
To seize Time,  
To chain him,  
To turn the key, forever?  
And to sigh? Ah, but  
He would struggle —  
Your face wrinkled, scarred;  
Your hands cut, cracked;  
Your body crushed, crooked;  
Your mind senseless, pulpy.  
Now would it be better?*

*(Past — Present — Future  
Skirmish with one another in  
The Mind's Hollow.  
From Darkness, Past sallies forth at  
Present, and its light.  
(Or is it Light?  
The Light always shines.  
Sometimes light glows weakly with Light.  
Sometimes Light with Light.  
Otherwise only Darkness of Light.)  
Elusive Future circles around Present,  
Poking it, mocking it with  
Doors not opened,  
Lovers not kissed,  
Words not spoken.)*

*Well, would it be better  
To grasp Past, Present, Future,  
All in one hand,  
To fling them against a wall of illusion,  
And to sweep the shattered visions  
Under a carpet?  
Why don't you tell me?*

*Or would it be better  
To face Past, Present, Future,  
And laugh?  
Well . . . why does no one answer?*

— Dennis Bechis '69

*It might be better yet  
To go out  
And snicker at the plastic World —  
(Glitter-jewel people breathing on  
clouds of synthetic perfume and smoke.  
Filaments of thought flickering through  
dull minds.  
Gaudy words — silent Word.  
Unseeing eyes, unknowing minds  
destroying, never creating.  
Puppets of plastic flesh.)  
Yes, to snicker and to pull their strings  
And to . . .  
But wouldn't they pull my . . . ???  
Wouldn't I too play  
The Puppet,  
The Fool,  
The Imposter?  
Won't someone please tell me?*

*Or to retreat behind a  
Wall of Self-delusion,  
(or have I already?)  
A battlement  
Against Time,  
Against Past, Present, Future,  
Against the World,  
Against The Enemy Consciousness,  
And to dream my life into Elysium?*



*Why won't someone answer?  
Why won't someone?  
Why won't?  
Why?  
?*



# IN PHILADELPHIA, IT WILL BE THANKSGIVING

Alex Robinson '69

**I**T'S HARD to tell what's worse; the steaming, humid jungle or the open grassland where the sun beats down on one's helmet. So thought a young soldier as he tramped alongside a rattling tank, hoping it might provide a little shade. He wiped his brow, knowing he'd have to do it again in a couple of minutes.

The soldier came from the slums of Philadelphia and he'd be going back there in a couple of weeks. His tour of duty was almost up. He was tall and sort of lanky, and a shock of dark hair was moist with sweat under his helmet.

It had been a long march, muscle straining, mind-wearying, and boring. One walks and walks until it becomes something he can't control; and he can't feel the ache that he knows is in his legs. The bugs become friends, something for the eyes to play with instead of the sweaty shirt and pack of the man in front. And soon one is dreaming, dreaming of home, of a cool pillow to rest his head on, of icy water to drown his feet in, and his eyes close . . .

"Soldier!"

The soldier froze and then nearly fell as he stumbled back into reality. He had moved about twenty yards diagonally away from the column, and the tank was ahead of him. He rambled back into line and concentrated on what he was doing, where he was going.

The column was approaching a village; just like all the other villages . . . small, with people in them just like all the other people, poor, hungry, and bewildered . . . and the faces, the same faces. The men stopped to rest for a few minutes. The soldier sat down on a rock at the side of the road and unloosened the laces on his boots. Another soldier came over and sat down beside him. The young soldier thought his name was Ronson or something, but he wasn't sure.

"Lousy, stinkin' war," Ronson spat on the parched ground. "I think I hate these marches more than anything!"

The young soldier turned and looked at him. "Yeah."

"Looks like we're headin for that village. Think it's occupied?"

"No. There might be some snipers, though."



"Yeah, there's always those damn snipers."

Again the soldier looked at Ronson. He said nothing.

"Hey, I hear you'll be headin home soon, huh?"

"Yeah, two more weeks to go."

"Lucky. Hey you got a girl back home?" Ronson asked with a mischievous twinkle in his eye.

"Huh? Oh yeah. I almost forget what she looks like though . . . seems like I've been away for ten years," the young soldier's voice trailed away.

"Yeah, I know what you mean."

The column picked up and headed for the village. They entered it cautiously in different places and moved slowly through the narrow streets checking for mines or for any enemy. They found only a couple of mines, which were dug up and disposed of. The usual sentries were posted and the platoon rested itself.

The young soldier put down his gear near a tree and sat down, his back leaning against the tree. He had started to doze when suddenly he awoke. There were five or maybe six children standing around him, chattering busily. The young soldier knew what they wanted, for he had been in villages like this before. He fished through his pockets and gear and came up with an assortment of half-



melted chocolate bars and some gum. He distributed them as best he could and watched them run off as quickly as they had come.

He watched them as they played with each other about forty feet in front of him. The rags on their backs were torn and shabby, and their skinny arms and legs showed scrapes and scratches. They reminded the soldier of himself playing in the streets, when he was small. He remembered the baseball games . . . and the time he broke Mrs. Martin's window . . . and the sneakers with the holes in them . . . and the popsicles from the ice-cream man in the summer and . . . His mind came back to the children in front of him. God, what do **they** eat, besides stale chocolate bars and gum? He remembered he had been poor, but he remembered never going hungry. Where do these kids live, where are their parents . . . if they have any? The soldier remembered the warmth of his bed on a cold winter's night and the reassuring voices of his parents in the next room . . . and the delight of a toy on Christmas morning. Again he looked at the children and their bare feet, and wondered if they ever saw a toy or had shoes. He saw their faces, smiling and laughing, but not children's faces, the faces of war.

That night, as the young soldier bedded down, it began to drizzle slightly, then more heavily. The soldier put on his poncho and made himself as comfortable as he could under the tree. Suddenly he realized how much he liked the rain at night. He felt it washed away all the ungodly atrocities of the day and left the morning fresh to start a new day. He listened awhile to the patter of the rain on the leaves above him before falling into a deep sleep.

The soldier did not know how long he had been sleeping when he was awakened by the sound of guns. He jumped up and instinctively grabbed his rifle. He saw the confusion about him as men ran back and forth grabbing at helmets and rifles. The soldier stopped one of them. "Hey, what the hell's going on?"

"Sniper. At the end of the village. He's got some of our guys pinned down." He ran off.

The soldier seized his helmet and ran in the direction of the shooting. As he

passed by village huts, he saw peasants and children staring at him almost nonchalantly. They were used to this kind of thing.

The soldier came to the end of the street where it widened, and against the dark night he could see the quick, pinpoint, red-orange flashes of rifle shots.

The firing stopped. A hush fell over the street. Both parties were waiting for the other to make a move. Suddenly a figure broke from one side of the street heading across for the other. It had reached the middle of the street when four or five rifle shots burst out in succession. The figure spun around hideously, then fell, and lay still.

Slowly the men began to come out into the street. To the young soldier they seemed to be coming right out of the ground. He had no idea that one sniper had so many soldiers pinned down. In the middle of the street a small group huddled around a figure on the ground. The soldier went over and pushed his way through the group to see what they were looking at.

He heard the anguished cries of an old woman and a horrible nauseating feeling came into his body. He looked down at the ground and before his feet lay the crumpled body of the sniper. He couldn't have been more than sixteen.

The young soldier just stood there, dumbfounded, looking at the body. He suddenly realized that it was still raining and he watched the rain fall mercilessly on the dead boy. The soldier felt very cold and very numb. He just stood there watching the body after most of the others had left. He heard someone yell in the distance, "Did we lose anybody?" The answer came back, "No. Nobody got hit." The soldier turned and walked away. He saw some peasants hurrying up in the rain with an old blanket to pick up the body lying in the mud.

The young soldier returned to his bed beneath the tree. He sat down feeling even more exhausted than at the end of the march. He closed his eyes. He returned again to his childhood, to the street games and the ice cream man and Christmas. He thought some more. It would be November when he got home. The boys would be playing tag football among the cars and . . . and it would be Thanksgiving. A big turkey would be on the table and the children would be sit-

ting around waiting to dig in, and . . .  
he'd be going back there in two weeks.  
Then the young soldier recalled the twisted  
face and mangled body of the dead

youth lying in the mud, and he couldn't  
tell the rain from the tears that streamed  
steadily down his face.

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## A Questioning Mind

*The street was wet,  
the clouds had parted,  
the city life was reflected  
in the mirror on the ground.*

*A beggar sits on the curb,  
and asks me for a  
light — I don't smoke  
but will he believe me?*

*The cars hiss by,  
and reluctantly stop —  
a crowd of people (adults,  
big kids, little kids)  
hurry across the street.*

*People walk by,  
the same as always  
day after day  
rain or shine.*

*I turn a corner  
and find myself . . .  
meeting a girl  
I had known —  
a long time ago.*

*I say hello,  
she answers with a grin,  
she blushes, and then  
laughs . . .  
We continue on our separate ways.*

*A beggar, some cars,  
a changing street light, a  
girl and a  
smile! (life is full of goodness).*

*The street was wet  
the clouds had parted,  
the city life was reflected  
in the mirror on the ground.*

*Was it myself that I found?*

— A. J. Tutlys '68



# EDITORIALS

## IS ANOTHER HITLER IN GERMANY'S FUTURE?

**W**HEN THE ALLIES gained final victory over Germany in 1945, it was hoped that National Socialism had been finally eradicated. Yet only two decades later, a small, vociferous political party is seeking to instate a government whose policy is tantamount to Naziism. This article will seek to examine this National Democratic Party (NPD), the reasons for its rise, its platform, and its leader.

The rise of neo-Naziism in Germany is a scathing indictment of the German educational system. The Second World War is scarcely dealt with in most history textbooks while Hitler and anti-Semitism are almost completely neglected. Thus, the younger generation is, for the most part, ignorant of the deeds of their elders and is consequently not shocked by the extreme nationalism shown by the NPD. This complacency is indicative of a sizable section of the German population; the people are now prosperous and not to be bothered by a dark past. Perhaps in any other country nationalism is nothing to get alarmed about, but Germany and the German psyche have demonstrated a marked propensity for turning nationalism into something much worse.

The popularity of nationalism in Germany is cyclic. Following World War I, it fell into disfavor until a depression and a madman brought it to the fore. The same aversion to nationalism was shown just after World War Two. And, as the cycle comes full circle we now witness another rise. While there is certainly no depression in today's Germany, there is another factor which again permits nationalism to show its face: Germany lost a war. This fact weighs on the German conscience more heavily than many people realize. The NPD does not promise jobs and food as did the original Nazi Party. But it does promise a return to honor. This concept beckons enticingly to many Germans.

However, in the face of fantastic prosperity, most Germans are complacent more than anything else. An obvious manifestation of this complacency was the election

of Kurt Georg Kiesinger as Chancellor. Although Kiesinger has proven to be an able and thoughtful leader, his admitted Nazi past ruffled the composure of very few Germans. This is in startling contrast to the early postwar years when government officials had to be diametrically opposed to all things Nazi. Thus, Kiesinger's election is symptomatic of a letting down of the guard among Germans.

Kiesinger's association with the Nazi Party was terminated years ago. What of the men who still actively profess Nazi doctrines? Of these, the most conspicuous is Adolf von Thadden, boss of the NPD. Von Thadden's pronouncements ring with the rhetoric and cliches heard in Nuremburg not so very long ago. ("The NPD is for people, fatherland, and nation.")

Von Thadden cannot be dismissed as a lunatic or street-corner orator. He is fully in power of a confident, rapidly growing party. (One hundred new members every month.) Some of his public statements are open incitements to war. Speaking on the return of former German territories in the East, von Thadden said, "I am glad no peace treaty has yet been signed. This gives Germany an opportunity . . . to become strong and to strive for its own settlement within Europe." This remark bears close resemblance to Hitler's **Lebensraum** obsession.

The National Democratic Party controls forty-eight seats in six state parliaments. Many people predict that the NPD will send fifty representatives to the Federal Parliament in 1969. Von Thadden confidently predicts, "We expect to name the Chancellor in 1969." One is inexorably drawn to the parallel between the fledgling NPD and Hitler's NSDAP of the 'Thirties.' The NPD is meeting with much more success than did its predecessor. In state elections, it has garnered considerably more votes (and seats) than did the Nazi Party. It has demonstrated considerable organizational powers and is more methodical and less excitable than Hitler's brainchild. This is not to say it is any more reasonable than the NSDAP. It merely has assumed a different **modus operandi**. Brawling and anarchy will not work in Germany today.

Since the NPD is definitely a political force to be reckoned with, it is important that the party's platform be known. Following are some sample planks:

- \*The various German troop contingents that fought in World War II must no longer be subject to 'defamation.' (Von Thadden intimates that he especially wishes to exonerate the SS.)

- \*The government must repudiate the 'lie' of collective German guilt for World War II.

- \*Bonn must work for the return of former German territories east of the Oder.

- \*The country must place education under the jurisdiction of the federal government in Bonn. (Education is now the responsibility of the individual states.)

- \*An end to 'foreign domination' of Europe.

- \*Withdrawal of all NATO troops from German soil.

- \*Reunification of the two Germanys.

- \*An end to war crimes trials and to West German restitution payments to Israel.

When questioned on possible anti-Semitic planks in his platform, von Thadden replied, "It is absurd to talk about anti-Semitism in Germany today," but he gave as a reason, "since there are almost no Jews left in the country."

There is inherent in the NPD's rise the danger of subversion of democratic government in West Germany. While the Allies reserve residual occupation rights which permit them to intervene in such an eventuality, their involvement is doubtful. The best guarantee of the continuance of democratic government would probably be education. There are those who do not take the NPD seriously, consider it a lunatic-fringe organization. These people should be appraised of the NPD's growing power. In the final analysis, the Allies are powerless to stop the growth of the NPD if the German people wish its continuance. However, the people should be equipped with a factual education which will at least allow them a truly free choice.

—Jeffrey Winacoo '69



# AN ESSAY ON INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

## THE CRISIS OF ADAPTATION

**M**ODERN HISTORIANS have long agreed that the post World War II world was to be dominated by two trends in international relations: the polarization of economic and military power about the two super-powers and the Balkanization of the Colonial world into a proliferated community of nations.

Perhaps because of the rapid domestic adaptation of scientific knowledge into widely used social instruments, especially in the fields of electronics and communications, American observers were quick to hail the arrival of a new era on the political scene as well. Seeing the exploding horizons, the multitude of new problems and possible solutions in the social sciences brought on by the revolutionary post-war world of the physical sciences, many political analysts became preoccupied with a new type of concrete issue, an issue spawned in the laboratory. The endless number of issues all promised to be of critical importance in what was soon to be an overcrowded and increasingly demanding competitive world. So preoccupied with their new crises were the academic and journalistic communities that they assumed that the post-war trends in international relations had crystalized at least as soon as the scientific trends, in the early sixties.

The opinion makers looked about them and saw no monstrous materialization of any new trend in foreign affairs. There were problems in our foreign policy, but they were nothing new; therefore the assumption that the crystalization had occurred seemed valid. It was invalid.

Suddenly, beginning in the early months of 1965, the politically aware became conscious of that monstrous materialization. It took the form of an expensive military exercise on the Indo-Chinese peninsula. That engagement has continued now for three years, and yet few have realized that the war is the physical materialization of a symptom of a new and necessary trend in international relations.

Far too many remain unable to perceive the new pattern in relations for its most immediately visible aspect. The new era in foreign affairs has just now begun. Its first challenge is Viet Nam.

For an analysis of the political problems of adaptation to the role of the super power will reveal that the continuance of traditional American approaches to foreign policy is outdated, outmoded, and dangerous.

For example, America has long believed that her foreign policy, save for her Latin policy, must be morally justifiable to a high degree of acceptability. The danger in that is that the super power must often exercise her resources in campaigns that can not be trumpeted at home or abroad as crusades for a particular system of government or as battles against godless or otherwise damnable international conspiracies.

If America insists on finding such excuses, she will find herself either wallowing in vacillation while the prizes are lost or failing in attempts to deceive her citizenry and allies with specious public relations drives on the international plain.

The time has long since passed in this world, long since in Europe, when those who deal with matters of state are simple enough to see issues in the clearly defined black and white of morality.

America is not fighting a monolith in Viet Nam. She can not justly claim that she is attempting to stop the spread of the world-wide communist conspiracy. Nor can a valid claim be made that a battle is being waged for or by the forces of freedom.

For the concept of Balkanization applies not only to the Colonial World but to the neo-colonial world as well; that is, to the world of post-war alliances. When there were but two all encompassing alliance systems, it was not difficult to picture all engagements between the two camps as battles in the war to preserve freedom, heroic actions by the free world forces. (Our rhetoric was almost always as euphonistic as that of the Marxians.)

But now that the missile crises, multilateral confrontations, and European power politics that defined the Cold War are gone, so too is the acceptability of euphonistic foreign policies. America is fighting to contain at least the influence of Mainland China, which happens to be communist, to preserve her economic influence throughout Asia, and to verify respect in her military capacity. Because she is fighting practically alone and not for ideological reasons, America is fighting in the role of the superpower for the first time.

Yet despite the fact that the war is causing the manifestation of the role of the superpower, America is finding it very difficult to conduct itself as a superpower because of the war, or rather because of the failure to institute political adjustment at the time of Robert McNamara's military adjustment to the policy of flexible response.

The fear that all must be morally justifiable for the populace, however, still remains, especially in America. That fear, more than anything else, explains the recent wave of dissent over current administration of American foreign policy. The opinionmakers insist on picturing the enemy as the devil-like aggressor or victimized peasant.

Such a policy has an obvious flaw. There need be no branding of evil or good in foreign policy. The people need only be told that the foreign policy of the nation is desirable for the domestic well-being. Save for their effect on foreign public opinion, moral considerations should be irrelevant. Surely the high level of American education is sufficient for an understanding of international pragmatism without a backlash of uncontrollable nationalism.

If America does not pragmatically justify her policies, she will create either a rebirth of domestic isolationism or a hamstrung foreign policy. Either of those two possibilities will cause a loss in politico-economic power with a severely damaging drop in domestic prosperity at a time when such a drop might well spell minor domestic revolution.

Equally outdated and potentially more destructive is the basic popular American concept of motion in foreign affairs. There has been a traditional desire, originated on the highest levels of government, to obtain simple answers and quick solutions. All too seldom have spokesmen suggested that courage could be manifested in moderate policies.

The government has failed to explain that the fighting of "a limited war for limited objectives" actually means the ability to face and to cope with complex crises, the traveling of a longer but more acceptable path to unilateral success when the enemy has blocked the easy escapes.

As a result there has been extreme political polarization. The polls show us that there has been an increase of rightist sentiment in foreign policy, as well as the far more publicized leftist movements. It often seems that this new rightist sentiment far surpasses the neoisolationism. Many who could not normally be considered bellicose or unsophisticated demanded a speedy involvement in the Six Days War, or clamored recently for a military show of force in Korea, or now continue to press for extensive escalation in Indo-China.

And it is because of that same failure to spell out the nature of the necessary adjustment that "doves" appeared on the political scene in America. It is this lack of clarity in policy that causes not only "dovish" isolationism that questions the need for the captured **Pueblo** and the sunken **Liberty** but also the equally dangerous but absonant philosophy that views economic assistance as wasteful.

For the unparalleled economy of the United States is an inseparable part of the interdependent non-ideological world economic system. It depends as much on the mines of Africa as it does on those of the Rockies; as much on the Japanese market as on that of New York; and as much on politico-military aptitude as on an understanding of supply-demand fluctuations.

Such a policy demands skill, skill which can decrease operating costs, more than that skill which is currently in use. It requires constant vigilance, frequent stands, most often unilateral, but most of all it demands adaptation as a society, the ability to live and cope with continuous crises of great magnitude.

—Richard Alan Clarke '68

*The sea laps in with  
Gentle waves, rolling, slapping,  
And licking the sand.*

*The sand drifts and rolls  
On endless whispers of wind  
And alights elsewhere.*

— Alex Robinson '69

*The grass is green*  
*And the sky is blue ( think ),*  
*And a mind wanders*  
*and stumbles, and*  
*Occasionally falls,*  
*but gets up and continues*  
*The long, uphill climb,*  
*but the bank is muddy,*  
*And rather slip-*  
*pery, and sometimes*  
*One slips and*  
*falls and just can't*  
*Get up again.*

21



# LORDS AND MASTERS

**M**R. AARON GORDON, who teaches History in Room 115, is no stranger to the Boston Latin School. Mr. Gordon graduated with the Class of '23 and began his teaching career here in 1929. A 1927 graduate of Harvard, Mr. Gordon obtained his Master of Arts degree in 1928.

Mr. Gordon, noting that in the 1920's the school building was only half its present size, points out that, in large measure, "this school reflects the ethnic and political changes which have taken place in the city." During his years here, for example, the student body numbered approximately 1000 men, whereas in 1960 the number had risen to nearly 3000. Also in Mr. Gordon's era, the school had changed from one dominated by the Protestant Yankee element to one dominated by The Boston Irish and The Jewish segment of the population. "Now," he says, "it is impossible to distinguish ethnic origins within the school; it is a true melting pot."

In extracurricular activities at the Latin School at that time, athletics was emphasized much more than it is now. Although there were fewer sports in which boys could participate, school spirit in regard to track and baseball was much higher than it is now, and many of the 1000-man student body were either active participants in sports or were avid rooters of the teams.

While discussing the academic curriculum, Mr. Gordon acknowledged the fact that the pressures on today's larger student body are greater than those in his time, but he noted that today's students are getting a break in one important area; in earlier years, students were required to take Latin, French, and either Greek or German, and Latin was mandatory for the full six-year course.

In surveying his own graduating class, Mr. Gordon mentioned that many of the Class of '23 became active in the medical



—Kuritsky

**Mr. Aaron Gordon**

field but says that he is glad to see that so many men from recent graduating classes have entered diversified fields. "Self-evaluation is one of the most worthwhile activities a college-bound boy can engage in," he says and adds, "often the intangible qualities within a person are what matter. How do you measure drive in an adolescent?"

Mr. Gordon's present hobbies include bridge, the theatre, reading, and golf. ("I hate golf," he says, "but it serves as exercise.")

Above all else Mr. Gordon feels that the most important thing he learned at Latin School was "To understand my fellow man. I didn't learn understanding in books but in living within a complete society in microcosm. This school is a wonderful betrayer of stereotypes. Here you learn to judge a person by merit alone and not by external standards of race, religion, or color."





—Scott

### Mr. Flynn

**T**HE ENGLISH SCHOLAR of room 214 is Mr. Malcolm John Flynn, a life-long resident of Waltham. In 1959, he graduated from St. Mary's High School, where he was active as a baseball and basketball manager. From there he entered Boston College, where he worked as the managing editor of the literary magazine *Stylus*, produced original skits, and participated in a literary discussion group. Following his commencement from Boston College in 1963, Mr. Flynn came to

Boston Latin School. The last two summers he has spent studying literature and linguistics at Columbia University in the four-year M.A. Program. Now in his fourth year at Boston Latin, Mr. Flynn is the sponsor of the Chess Club and Team, and of the Golf Club and Team.

Outside of school, Mr. Flynn cultivates a strong interest in the arts of communication—particularly in films and in educational television. Although he watches films primarily for enjoyment, his interest in television is much more critical. Admitting that "television must be inoffensive to appeal to all," he still deplores the extent to which television is censored. Concerning a television broadcast of *Luther*, for example, Mr. Flynn complains that too much was censored for the story line to flow smoothly. Although he concedes that the play had to be shortened for broadcast, he is greatly disappointed that the omitted scenes contained "too many of the characters' motivations." Mr. Flynn believes that the networks should place popularity ratings second to the aesthetic or social value of a program.

Mr. Flynn's other major interest is reading. Although he prefers modern novels to many of the classics, he remarks that any book, whether modern or classical, will appeal to him if it is interesting. Mr. Flynn finds many of the "established" classics outdated. The novels of Dickens have lost much of their original appeal because the social and moral problems he exposed in his times do not exist today. Mr. Flynn, however, warns his students not to abandon the classics: "We must continue to study the literature of the past to insure maintaining a balanced view of the role of the individual in an increasingly fragmented society."

### Haiku #3

*Man sits on a rock  
Motionless, silent, watching  
The soft swirling sand.*

### Haiku #4

*Man walks to the sea  
And feels the soft ripples wash  
And tickle his toes.*

—Alex Robinson '69

# ALUMNI SECTION

## F. B. WILLIAMS

*Mr. F. B. Williams, Jr., Boston Latin School '25, owns and personally operates a large wholesale produce concern from a small office just off Roslindale Square. This month the Register interviewers met with Mr. Williams to discuss the Latin School and the Latin School Association of which he is President.*

**Register:** Mr. Williams, could you give us a brief idea of your business and community activities since you left college?

**Mr. Williams:** Well, I graduated from Latin School in 1925 and then I went on to play a little football at Harvard and I graduated in 1929. I've been in the Produce Industry since I left Harvard. I've also been associated for some time with the Roslindale Co-operative Bank, where I'm active in the Home Mortgaging field. Over the last seven years I've been a member of the Board of Trustees of the Glover Hospital in Needham and was Chairman of the Board during our \$1,750,000 building program. More recently, I've been very active in the Alumni Association. After the Hospital building fund drive I figured that the Association would be relatively easy; then we got the idea of raising \$4,000,000!

**Register:** How do you account for the consistency with which Latin School men are found among the leaders of civic projects such as the Hospital building fund which you mentioned?

**Mr. Williams:** That's difficult to say exactly, but I suspect that attending an institution of such high caliber as the Latin School and colleges like Harvard has a lot to do with it. The college trained man, especially when fortified by a Latin School education, is more apt to be interested in doing work for his community and for his fellow man. Also his training for such jobs is likely to be more complete than that of the man without the benefit of a Latin School background combined with a

college education.

**Register:** Now that you've brought it up, what hope does the Alumni Association have for successfully completing its \$4,000,000 fund raising drive?

**Mr. Williams:** Our drive hasn't really gotten off the ground as yet. Right now we're in the process of selecting people with leadership potential for the important posts of General, National, and Leadership Chairmen. As of this moment there are eight thousand members of the Latin School Association throughout the world in every conceivable occupation. A great many of these men are qualified for this sort of work. In fact there are several Alumni who have already indicated their willingness to work part time on our program, without fee. There are some other gentlemen, especially in the New York area, whom we are thinking of approaching, but I'm not at liberty to disclose their names right now. We also plan to have professional help in our program and we're thinking about some kind of kick-off event to spark our drive.

All in all we have terrific hopes for reaching our goal at the end of our three year drive.

**Register:** Have you worked out any specific formula for the utilization of the endowments?

**Mr. Williams:** Generally speaking, the money will be divided between scholarship funds and funds which will be designated to enrich the curriculum and the activities at the school. The main portion of the money should go towards scholarships. The Association seems to feel that the boys who get the A's seldom have trouble getting scholarships; it's the boys with the B averages, the late bloomers so to speak, some of whom have gone on to great success, who have the most trouble in getting scholarship assistance. These boys will be given special consideration.

We're also interested in the idea of continuing aid to a boy all the way through graduate school, if he shows promise in college. In fact, we were thinking of setting up a revolving schol-

arship program whereby if we gave a boy \$1500 a year, and he got out and found himself making \$300,000 a year, he'd attempt to reimburse the scholarship fund on a purely voluntary basis.

**Register:** Do you think this might eventually take the form of a loan?

**Mr. Williams:** No, the men who contribute funds generally wish them to be used as direct scholarship grants.

**Register:** Just what are the goals and programs of the Latin School Association when they are not attempting to raise \$4,000,000?

**Mr. Williams:** The Association already possesses considerable resources, but they are not great enough to provide significant help to enough deserving boys in meeting tuition costs. In general some of our larger scholarships are in the neighborhood of \$300, but with the rising cost of college today, a sum such as that is merely a drop in the bucket.

Aside from dispensing existing scholarships, we also attempt to provide for the school those facilities which the Boston School Committee is unable to work into its budget.

**Register:** Before we leave we'd like to ask you a few questions about your experiences at the Latin School. Which of the activities you engaged in do you remember best?

**Mr. Williams:** Two things stand out in my mind. What I remember most strongly is football. We had a lot of victories, but what I'm proudest of is that in my four years at the school, we never lost a game to English although we did have two 0-0 ties.

I also remember a sort of informal fraternity that sprang up between boys from Boston Latin, Newton-South and Brookline High Schools. I can't remember what the name of it was, but I do remember we had a lot of fun in it.

**Register:** Are there any teachers that particularly stand out in your mind?

**Mr. Williams:** Of all my teachers the two I remember best are Mr. Hobbs and Mr. Pearce. Mr. Pearce was a wonderful history teacher who would provide us with facts that we never find in a history book. He made history fascinating for a lot of us. Mr. Hobbs was doubtless my favorite English teacher, although I doubt if I ever got above a 55 from him. Fifty was passing in those days. Most of the marks in his room were between 45 and 55, but most of his pupils scored high on the College Boards.

**Register:** This is almost a stock question with this column. What aspects of your Latin School education do you think were the most valuable?

**Mr. Williams:** There were two outstanding things about a Latin School education which struck me even while I was attending the school. One was the fact that the Latin School educational process created a well-rounded man with an interest in history and current events. The other thing that impressed me was the atmosphere of brotherhood and tolerance which characterized the school. No matter what your color, your religion, your national origin, you were treated with respect and judged on the basis of your individual merits and weaknesses and I think that was a wonderful thing.

Recently I've been impressed by the manner in which the school is keeping up with the times, especially in the scientific and technical fields. More important though, as Doctor O'Leary has reinstated some of the old traditions, I realize that some of them which I disliked at the time, especially Declamation, have been of lasting value to me. I remember Roy Larsen telling me, when he was asked to judge Prize Declamation, that he had always hated it when he was at the school. There can be no doubt that it has served him in good stead in later life.

**Register:** Thank you, Mr. Williams.



## Why?

— Douglas Sanborn '68

*I look through my window  
At snow dancing by,  
Weaving its weary way  
To its grave with a sigh,  
Floating so gracefully,  
Meeting its end,  
Waving good-bye to the sky.*

*Temperature's rising  
Rain streaming down,  
Giving me pleasure,  
Just clutching the ground.  
Tears gushing from heaven,  
No time to spend,  
Drenching the dirt but to die.*

*Both started in heaven  
And both had to fall,  
Though they came differently  
They're mud after all.  
Evaporation comes,  
Collects them again,  
Lifting them back up on high.*

*Why must the snow fall down,  
Only to rise again?  
Why does the rain rush down,  
With only a few days to spend?  
Why are we here,  
With lives only He can lend?  
Only He knows why.*

*A little bird falls out of its nest  
Never again to sing.  
A dove flies by without the  
Message we'd have it bring.  
The sky turns gray —  
We stop and pray.  
The flowers continue  
To wither and die.  
The years of our lives pass slowly by.*

*New flowers in May spring up and grow.  
But Oh, that they could only know  
The uselessness  
And unhappiness  
Of living with so very*

little  
rain  
Only to suffer and die  
again and again . . .

## The Course of Nature

— A. J. Tutlys '68

# Something of Interest



—Scott

## Time features The Latin School



**"N**OW IN A STRIKING RECOVERY, Latin School once again ranks among the nation's best, largely because of a return to the fine old academic values it began with in 1635." Thus read *Time* magazine of January 5, 1968, reporting in its Education section on the dramatic renaissance at the nation's oldest public school.

It is a renaissance that is both academic and extra-curricular, a revival clearly evident in the activities of the students as well as the faculty, a movement whose effects are reaching far beyond the Fens.

Community action was the goal of fifty Latin Key Clubbers who managed the Salvation Army's Prudential Center and Boston Common stations in the annual Seven Hundred Fund Drive, sponsored in cooperation with WBZ Radio. The Latin boys contributed more than one hundred hours of volunteer service in the drive, which resulted in honorary Salvation Army commissions for the boys and a more pleasant Christmas for over a thousand Greater Boston families.

Reflective of these crisis times as well as Latin's influence in the community was the December gathering of seventeen schools from the Northern Region of the Massachusetts Junior Council on World Affairs. The meeting opened with a showing of the Department of Defense film "The Unique War" and concluded with an address by American Friends Peace Secretary Russel Johnson, recently returned from Hanoi. The Latin School meeting was chaired by Regional Secretary Peter Kadzis of Class IV.



—Kuritsky

### Kadzis at the helm

In other New England travels the Debating Squad continued to spread the fame of the Latin School at tournaments in three states. The squad competed at the Amherst campus of the University of Massachusetts, the Connecticut campus of the University of Hartford, and at Rhode Island's Mount Saint Charles Academy.

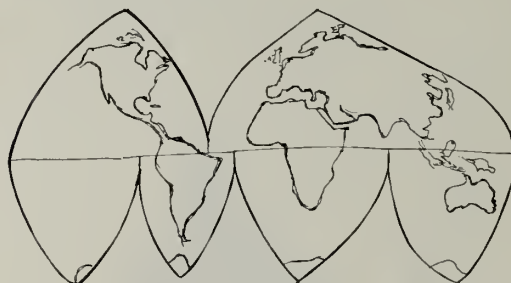
At Amherst Dick Clarke of Class I received the top speaker award for varsity debating. In Rhode Island Paul Hogan of Class IV won first place in the intermediate division, while the entire unit, including Kirk Seigfreidt of Class II, Bill Keenan, and Joe Morrissey of Class III, placed second. Debating in metropolitan Boston at Melrose High School's annual tournament, Vin DiCara of Class I and Bill Keenan took top varsity honors, while Paul Hogan and Joe Morrissey shared the junior varsity trophy.

Latin's Key Club officials were also on the move, visiting new chapters in Dux-

bury and Holliston. International Trustee Tom Connolly of Class I officially opened the activities of the two new chapters of the Kiwanis sponsored organization. Area Lt. Gov. Pat Groden of Class II led visitation committees from the Latin School chapter.

Journeying to Falmouth on Cape Cod were Latin musicians, members of the South East District Festival Orchestra, Vin DiCara, and juniors Ken Zunder, Alex Robinson, Dean Witten, and Peter Voisin. Their January concert was held at Lawrence Memorial High School.

Also in January the World Affairs Council focused on the "Crises in the Cities" in an all day conference at Fisher College. The seminar was addressed by Model Cities Director Paul Parks, representative from Action for Boston Community Development, The Boston Redevelopment Authority, and the Urban League. The meeting, which received major press coverage in two Boston dailies, was directed by state president Dick Clarke, Co-ordinator Bill McQueeney of Class I, and Regional Secretary Peter Kadzis.



Also in December the Latin Simulation Committee represented the United States of America and the Republic of Israel at the Harvard Model United Nations Assembly. America, led by Steve Smith of Class I, won the Best Delegate Award; and Israel, headed by Paul Hurley of Class I, received the Honorable Mention Citation. Turning from the international to the domestic, the committee traveled to Springfield for Massachusetts' Model Congress, a non-award legislative assembly. During the two day Congressional session the committee approved the Presidential request for a ten per cent income tax surcharge, something the Congress in Washington has been slow in doing.



In February over forty schools from five states competed in the first interstate assembly to be held at the school within memory. The schools came to debate in a tournament in honor of the former Ambassador to the Court of Saint James, Joseph P. Kennedy, Class of 1908.

Seventy individual teams argued revisions in existing criminal codes during four rounds of debate leading up to the awards of six trophies and nine medals to top units. Assisting the Forensic Society in hosting the event were the Key Club, Computer Math Program, Stage Crew, and Drill Team. Put to its first practical use, the school's new 1130 IBM computer proved that forensics and math are compatible by scheduling and tabulating the results of two hundred eight individual competitions.

Other mathematicians from the Latin school were off to one of their best starts in five years in the Eastern Massachusetts Math League, according to Class Reporter Ken Zunder. Ken reports that the Math Team is now in first place in its division in the league, thanks to the computations of seniors Dick Stutman and Den Carlton, juniors Den Bechis, and Ralph Halpern, and freshman "whiz kid" Mark Seliber.

Competition aside, Ken reports that many of the members of the team are enrolled in advanced studies programs at Massachusetts Institute of Technology's Spring Session for High School Studies.

Another of the school's busy teams boasts an undefeated record in tourna-

ment competition. Having eliminated Arlington, Brookline, English, and Newton South, Latin's Chess Team sees little in its way to gaining the state championship. Led by chessmasters Emo Favorito, Marty Edelstein, Jim Phillips, and Dick Ng, all of Class I, the team has gained first place in the standings at mid-season.

In the first three weeks in February the student body was addressed by professor of French literature, W. H. Frohock of Harvard, Dr. P. A. Duhamel, professor of English literature at Boston College, and Prof. F. Stewart, Classics lecturer at Harvard. The cost of the lecture series is being underwritten as part of the activities of the Larsen Fund Inc., a ten year fifty thousand dollar donation from Roy E. Larsen of the class of 1917.



—Scott

Prof. Duhamel

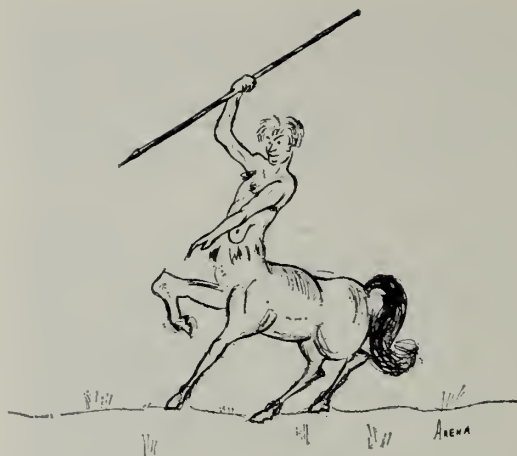
## KUDOS COLUMN

Attending the Annual Convention of the Eastern Massachusetts National Honor Societies were juniors Jim Bezreh and Bob Burke . . . In the **Globe** sponsored National Art Competitions, Al Kuritsky of Class I and Gordon Lundberg of Class IV won a gold medal and a blue ribbon for their photography and sketches . . . The "happenings" at the Latin School are now reported weekly over WBZ by Dick Clarke and over WMEX by Steve Smith, the high school radio correspondents of B.L.S. . . . Eight seniors led by Class President Phil Kearney represented the Latin School at the annual junior goodwill dinner of the Massachu-

setts Committee of Protestants, Catholics, and Jews . . . Forums for classes V and IV centered on the crises of the cities and the origin of our civil liberties . . . The Dramatic Society announced the name of this year's play: **Brother Orchid** . . . and finally, despite all of the traveling mentioned in the opening of this column, there can be little doubt of who among the student body is the most traveled . . . Kirk Seigfreidt has embarked on a trip with three other American high school students representing the United States at the Congress of the Junior International Red Cross in . . . Manila.

# SPORTS

## HOCKEY



—McQueency

### LATIN VS. TRADE



Since Latin would be without the much-needed service of both Dan Burton (I) and Joe Leonard (I) for the major part of the season, the team began its league play on a rather dire note against Trade.

Captain Paul McAuliffe (I) started the scoring with an unassisted goal at 1:22 of the first period. After a tying Trade goal at 6:14, McAuliffe, one minute later, put the Purple ahead to stay with the aid of Steve Connolly (I). Midway through the second period, defenseman John Walsh (I) took possession of the puck behind the Latin net, skated through the entire Trade team and neatly tucked it past a prostrated Trade goalie. Less than two minutes later, at 6:43, Bob Irgens (III) tallied during a scramble in front of the opposition's net. The final Latin goal was made in the the third period by Connolly on a breakaway. The final score was Latin 5, Trade 1.

Notable performances were turned in by goalie Tom Rowan (I), Bob Depauw (III), John Walsh, Paul McAuliffe, and Steve Connolly.

### **LATIN VS. DORCHESTER**

After easily defeating Trade 5 to 1, the Latin squad faced a typically weak Dorchester team. McAuliffe again opened the scoring at the 3:28 mark of the first period with Connolly assisting. An inert Latin offense was then contained by the flimsy Dot defense until late in the second period. At 7:27 of that period, John Walsh stole the puck away from an unwary Dot forward, broke away, and scored. Eleven seconds later, Tom Cohan (IV), assisted by Steve Connolly, scored his first goal of the season. With ten seconds left in the period, Bob Depauw, assisted by John Walsh, scored on a partial break-away. Early in the third period, Tom Cohan scored his second goal of the day with Connolly assisting. A short time later, Connolly, taking a pass from Cohan, beat the Dot net-minder for Latin's final goal. The final score, 6 to 0, gave the Latin team its second victory in two games.

McAuliffe, Walsh, Connolly, Rowan, Depauw, Cohan, and the rest of the Latin team played very well.

### **LATIN VS. TECHNICAL**

After victories against Trade and Dorchester, the Purple met its first real chal-

lenge of the young season against a powerful Tech squad whose main components are almost entirely of ex-Latin School vintage.

The first period ended in a scoreless tie only because of "Weasel" Rowan's extraordinary goal tending. At 1:48 of the second period, Tom Cohan, assisted by Connolly and McAuliffe, registered his third goal of the season and the first of the game. Tech bounced back later in the period to tie the score. During the third period, after Latin almost scored a number of times, Tech scored in a strange manner. A puck was thrown onto the ice by a spectator. As Tom Rowan frantically pointed toward it, a Tech skater placed the official puck into Latin's net. Although McAuliffe and Rowan argued fervently, the referee allowed the goal saying the puck was thrown from "someone on the Latin side." Near the end of the game, another Tech goal was scored which made the final score Tech 3, Latin 1. That childish prank probably cost Latin the game and a higher berth in the City League standings.

Tommie Rowan played an outstanding game at goalie. Other standouts were McAuliffe, Walsh, Depauw, Connolly, Cohan.

### **LATIN VS. TRADE**

After Latin dropped a 5 to 1 decision to a powerful, league-leading B.C. High team, the Purple faced Trade for the second time. At 5:03 of the first period



—Kuritsky



Steve Connolly scored as he smashed the rebound from McAuliffe's vicious shot past the obscured Trade goalie. Seconds later, Connolly received a brilliant pass from McAuliffe and scored on a break-away. Trade scored early in the second period. At the 2:59 mark of the same period, Walsh stole the puck deep in the Trade zone and scored unassisted. After Trade scored from the opening faceoff of the third period, Latin led 3 to 2. The boys in purple then exploded. Before thirty seconds had elapsed, Bob Depauw scored with Connolly assisting. One minute later, Cohan scored unassisted. At 8:06, Kevin Stewart (I), assisted by Depauw, found an opening in the Trade net. Then at 9:01 Connolly, with help from Stewart, added another goal. With seconds left Trade scored to make the final score, Latin 7, Trade 3.

The entire Latin team, in registering their highest scoring output of the season, played very well.

#### LATIN VS. ENGLISH

By far, the Latin squad's most exciting game was its first meeting with arch-rival English. It was a typical Latin-English, seat-squirming contest.



—Bechis

With four minutes gone in the first period, an English skater, despite the almost super-human efforts of goalie Tommie Rowan, succeeded in sneaking the puck into the Latin net. Very early in the second period, Steve Connolly, assisted by Walsh and Leonard, tied the score at 1 to 1. Within 29 seconds of the start of the third period, Connolly, again assisted by Walsh, put Latin ahead. A fighting English team tied the score at

5:43 and then took the lead with less than three minutes remaining in the game. As an inevitable loss faced Latin, English was called for icing. An ensuing faceoff, to the right of the English net, presented the puck to Walsh at the "blue" line. He slammed the puck into a maze of players and past a blinded English goalie for a game tying score.

The Latin players played their finest game of the year. For example, Steve Connolly not only scored two goals, but was also shaken badly on two occasions. He refused to quit and continued to play. Tommie Rowan played a fantastic game in the Latin net. Walsh, McAuliffe, Depauw, Leonard, and Philpot (III) were great.

#### LATIN VS. B.C. HIGH

After Latin had twice been defeated by an insurmountable B.C. High team, the Purple squad was determined not to fall easy prey.

With our first line resting, B.C. scored within two minutes of the opening face-off. At 3:06, another adversaries' puck trickled past Rowan. From that point to the end of the second period, however, Latin overpowered the shocked Eagles. The tenacious Latin skaters scored their first goal at 2:56 with Depauw, assisted by Connolly and McAuliffe, scoring. After another B.C. score Latin pressure continued until the end of the second period. In opening the third period, B.C. scored again. At 2:34 Latin scored, and another B.C. goal quickly followed.

The final score, B.C. High 5, Latin 2, does a severe injustice to the effort and intestinal fortitude which Captain McAuliffe and the rest of the squad showed.



—Clarke

# BASKETBALL

## LATIN VS. CAMBRIDGE LATIN

The opening game saw Latin playing host to Cambridge Latin. The vaunted offense of Cambridge Latin, led by its 6'6" center Walcott, jumped out to a 13-6 lead over the Purple. Continuing their surge, Cambridge enjoyed a 33-12 lead at the half. Junior Tom King kept the Purple in the game scoring twenty-three points overall, but the Latin offense found it difficult to gel. Cambridge increased its lead, ending the third quarter 56-29, and rolled through the fourth quarter with a 73-52 final. Arthur Cox was second highest for the Purple totalling thirteen points, and junior Guard Mike Pearson contributed two.

## LATIN VS. NEWTON SOUTH

This game proved to be an absolute thriller with one point separating the two teams throughout the contest. In the first quarter, Tom King helped to put Latin on top 15-14. Newton South retaliated, however, and ended the first half in a 28-28 deadlock. Lee Casty put Newton South ahead in the third quarter 45-44, scoring seven of his twenty points. Seniors Stabers and McCarthy aided the Latin cause by controlling the boards. Leading the Purple, King had twenty-four, and McCarthy put in ten points. Displaying a great effort, a good Newton South team prevented Latin from winning its first game by 56-55.

## LATIN VS. ROXBURY LATIN

Following this defeat, Latin was prepared to defeat the forces of Roxbury Latin. Roxbury smashed the Purple, sitting on top of a 39-26 half-time lead, and continued this splurge for the remainder of the game. Leahy with twenty-two and Rosenburg with seventeen points led the boys from Roxbury. Tom King once again was high-man for the Purple with sixteen. Senior Doug Ratta had twelve, and Junior Guard Steve Butkus contributed six. The final score saw Roxbury Latin winning 67-50.



—Lew

## LATIN VS. DORCHESTER HIGH

After finishing fifth in the City League last year, Dorchester High sported a solid team with many veterans. The first game, played at the B.L.S. gym, was tense to the final minute. Playing evenly in the first two periods, Dorchester enjoyed a one-point lead at the half, 31-30. The second half was much the same with a fierce battle on the boards between centers Chris Kordis of Latin and Larry Roland of Dorchester. As usual, Tom King was high-scorer with twenty-four points and Chris Kordis had nine. A good Purple defense held last year's high-scorer of the City League, Larry Roland, to fifteen points. Final score, Dorchester 57, Latin 54.

The second game vs. Dorchester was played at the recently constructed Dorchester High gym. Looking for vengeance, the Latin squad had practiced hard for this game. But Dorchester was more than ready for the Purple. At the half, Dorchester led 62-35 and went on to win 78-66. Although Dorchester literally



controlled the game, the Purple had high-scorers Tom King with nineteen points, Ted Harrington with fourteen, Arthur Cox with thirteen, and Wilbur Wright with ten.

### LATIN VS. BOSTON TRADE

Trade arrived at the B.L.S. gym with an experienced team. Latin was down at the half 44-35, but the Purple fought back to within two points. Cox led Trade with twenty-one points and L. Dubose had nineteen. Bright spots for Latin were junior Chris Kordis with ten points, John Stabers with fifteen, and the seemingly unstoppable Tom King with a grand total of thirty-two. The final score Trade 80, Latin 78.

The second Latin-Trade was the best game of the season, Latin's finest effort. Defeating a heavily-favored Trade team, the Purple obtained its first win of the season on February sixth. Playing with an injured leg, John Stabers exhibited

a tremendous individual effort scoring ten points and controlling the boards before getting hurt in the first quarter. At the end of the first period, Latin led 15-7: at the end of the half, Latin prevailed 30-23. The second half was dominated by the Purple and things seemed to be taking a turn for the better. Chris Kordis was high-man for Latin with thirteen points, Arthur Cox had ten, and junior Guard Ted Harrington contributed eleven. A good Trade defense held Tom King to twelve. A great team effort was shown as the Purple shocked Trade 66-60.



—Parna



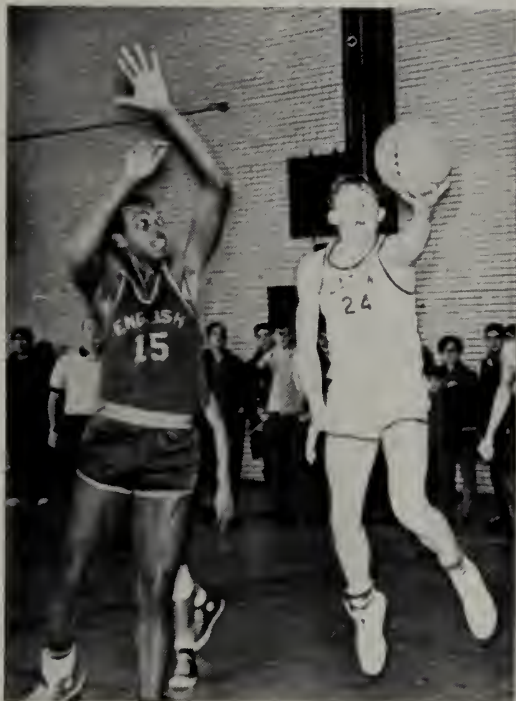
—Kuritsky

### LATIN VS. B.C. HIGH

A great rivalry exists between B.L.S. and B.C. High. The Eaglets, usually a poor match for the Purple and White quintet, surprised everyone this year. Played at the antiquated B.C. High gym, this game was a severely fought battle. The first quarter showed B.C. High superior to the B.L.S. Hoopsters 20-18. B.C. High continued its surge and led 37-32 at the half. B.L.S. bounced back in the third period to a 50-50 deadlock on a tremendous offensive effort. All was in vain, however, as B.C. High managed to squeak by the Purple, 63-62. Tom King was high-scorer for Latin with twenty-three points, Chris Kordis had thirteen, and Arthur Cox had ten.



## LATIN VS. BOSTON ENGLISH



—Smith

Although the greatest Latin-English rivalry is in football, each basketball game also is tinged with tradition and an outcome is always difficult to predict. Having one of its best teams ever and surely one of the best teams in Massachusetts, English ran away with the game, but Latin never gave up. The Blue and Blue soared to a commanding 41-19 lead

at the half. The Purple battled back, but it was too late and English went on to a 68-42 victory. Chris Kordis was high-man with eleven points and Wilbur Wright contributed nine. Tom King was surprisingly held to seven points but played a strong defensive game. Others looking good for the Purple when they saw action were Steve Butkus, Ron Buie, Jeff Allen, Mike Pearson, and Bob Gallagher. With the accurate shooting of Wallace and Wells, English proved themselves to be true champions.

## JUNIOR VARSITY BASKETBALL

This year's J.V. basketball team was one of the strongest ever. There was plenty of determination and hard work which drew a few spectators. High-scorers Paul Hogan and Derek Wright led the squad. Other members include Mel King, John Casey, John Nucci, Henry Quan, Bob MacGregor, Jim Greely, and Herb Hambleton.

Many thanks go to Mr. Hewes, to the members of the Varsity, and to Coach Jeff Jarvis for their assistance in making this disappointing season, in retrospect, an enjoyable one.

So far it has been a rough season. The team's 1-9 record is meaningless. If a few good breaks had been obtained, the record would have been reversed. Individual efforts were magnificent, and most important no one ever gave up. This year's basketball team has made the entire student body of the Boston Latin School proud of its efforts.



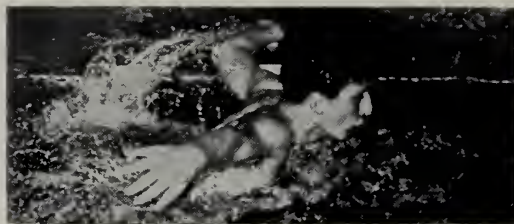
# SWIMMING

Despite the lack of facilities for practice, this year's swimming team has done extremely well, sporting a league record (thus far) of ten wins and five losses. Some of the losses could have been victories had all the team been present.

This year the team competed in a new 18-team-league under the supervision of our own coach, Mr. William Powers. This new league added to the team's heavy schedule and left little time for practice.

The team began the year well by placing 5th out of eighteen teams in the League Relay Carnival at Brandeis University, establishing records in both the 200 and 400 yard breast stroke relays.

Later in the season, John Ward, a junior, broke his own school record for the 100 yard breast stroke with a time of 1:11.5, taking a first place in the Eastern Massachusetts Meet. Peter Fritz and Mark Santangelo also did well in



—Lew

this meet, placing first and third respectively in the diving competition.

Top scorers this year included co-captains Pete Fritz and Dave Weber, Bob Kennedy, Steve Selby, Fran Kenney, John Ward, Dave McDonnell, Mark Santangelo, Rich Cass, Jerry Bradshaw, Bernie Bowers, and Pat Doherty.

Other lettermen were Rich Murray, Jack McCarthy, Steve Trebino, Bob Page, Warren Woods, Kevin Barry, and Fran Corbet.

With the return of many good swimmers, the team can look forward to a successful season next year.

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## The Last Drag

*They're off!*

*The race began with a thunderous blast  
From engines straining to keep the pace;  
Each driver felt his car would last,  
To bring him to the victor's place.*

*Each one knew that one's life might end  
Though neither felt it would be he  
And as he sped around the bend,  
He veered away from his enemy.*

*One skidded and rolled and scraped and tore,  
Crushing everything in his way  
Until a tree abruptly caught his door,  
And a dismal figure on the bottom lay.*

*There on the hill Helen stood,  
Thinking of a love long since-kissed,  
Of a man who showed his final good,  
Before descending to the shadowy mist.*

—Stephen Cleary '68

# The Register's Raving Reporter

**Jan. 25:** Today ye R.R.R. felt like he was ten feet tall; of course he was standing on four feet of snow.

**Jan. 31:** Overheard in 511; definition of parity: a satiric play.

**Feb. 2:** Topic for American History term paper: Lincoln, the man and the car.

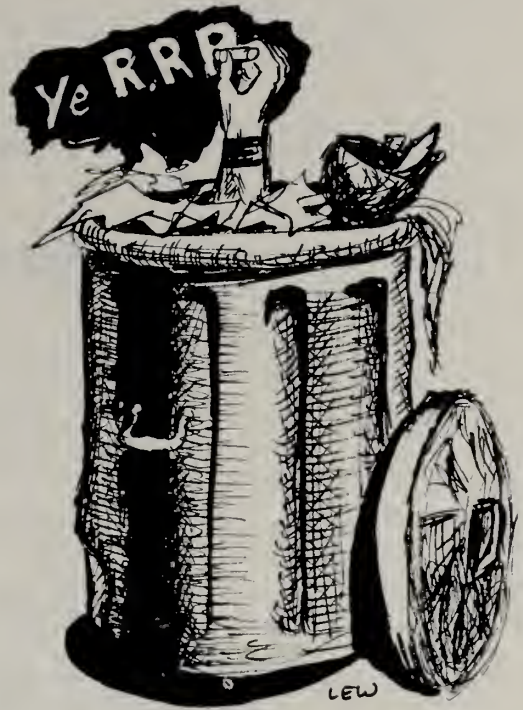
**Feb. 5:** Topic for Modern European History term paper: A study of Religion in Great Britain, the United Kingdom, and England.

**Feb. 8:** Then there was the English Alumnus who when billed by mail paid his zip-code.

**Feb. 10:** The football team today returned all their unused equipment. Ye R.R.R. was in charge of collecting the soap.

**Feb. 13:** Ye R.R.R. is so conceited that he is still shaving with cold water so as not to fog up the mirror.

**Feb. 16:** Then there was the story of the Monarch who was forced by revolutionaries to flee for his life, and all he could salvage was his priceless golden throne. The Monarch hid his gigantic golden throne in a cave high on a cliff and at the foot of the cliff the Monarch built a small humble grass hut. All went well for the exiled Monarch until one day there was a severe earthquake. The earthquake dislodged the throne which fell on the little grass hut, crushed it, and killed the King. Which just shows to go you that: people who



live in grass houses shouldn't stow thrones.

**Feb. 28:** Overheard in A.P.E.:

A: What do you think of that new song, "Love is Glue"?

P: Don't you mean, "Love is Blue"?

E: Gee that puts a whole new interpretation on it, doesn't it?

**March 3:** And who could ever forget "There's a kind of Slush all over the World"?

**March 14:** According to the **New York Times**, a wave of vulgar American jokes is currently sweeping Poland and Italy.

**March 23:** Overheard all over the school: Beep, Beep . . .

**April 3:** The man from A.P.E. has discovered a way to discourage speed readers: ITINV OLVES WRITI NGLIK ETHIS.

**April 11:** The Athletic Department has finally found a spot for ye R.R.R. to participate in: Javelin catching.

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Socket it unto me

—Insegregrevius 'LXVIII

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